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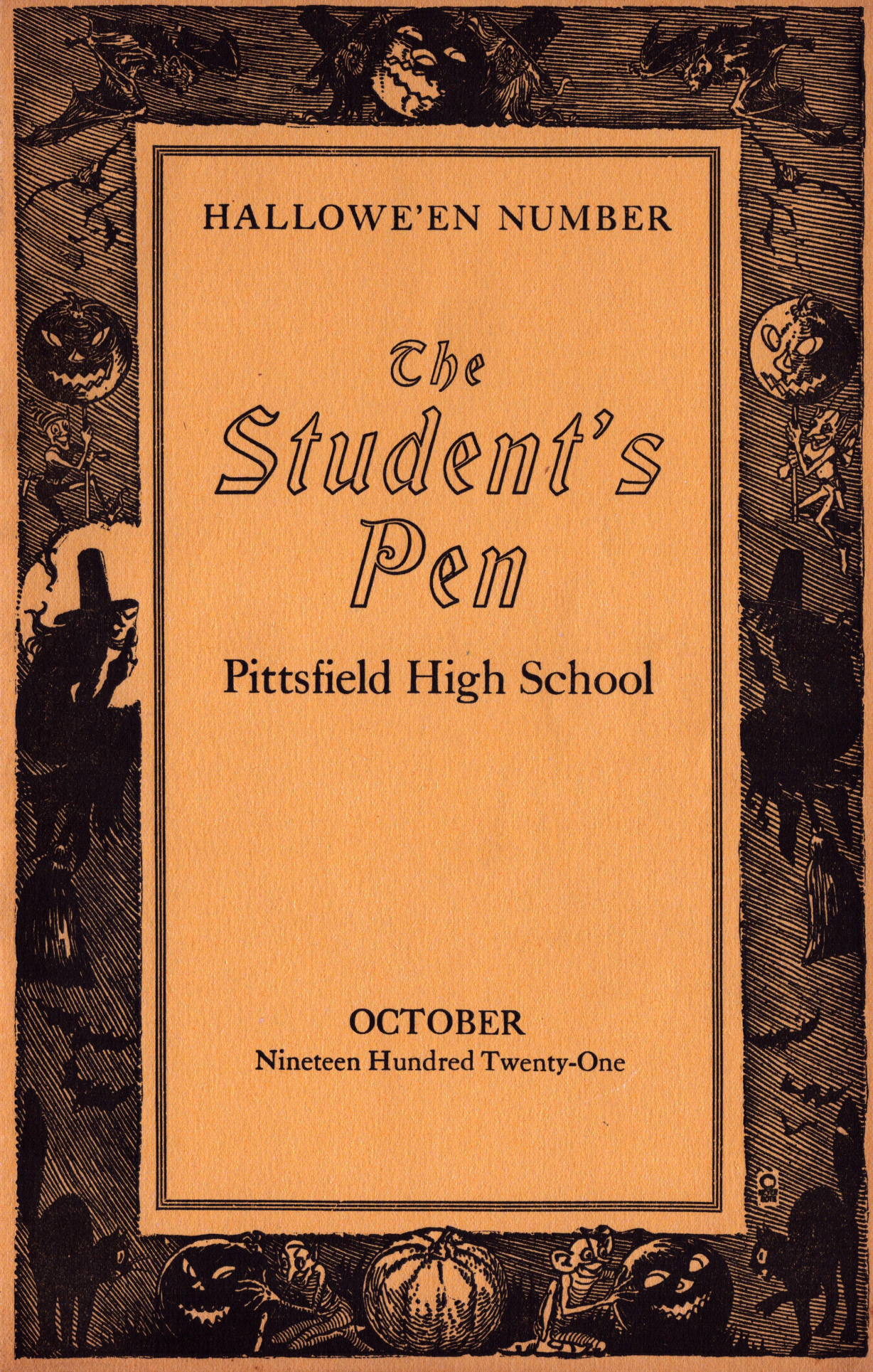
*The
Student's
Pen*

Pittsfield High School

OCTOBER

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One

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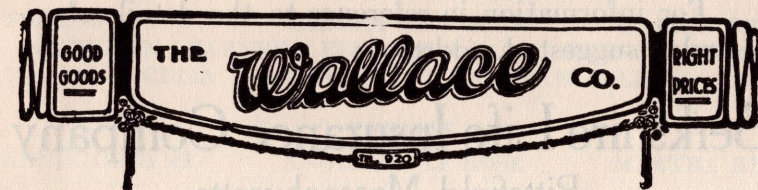
Pittsfield High School

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EDITORIALS

October's Bright Blue Weather

O suns and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

What a veritable wonderland October is! Her pallette holds countless colors, and she never tires surprising us on every side.

First little Miss Soft Maple trips in with her scarlet dress flaming a welcome from every marsh and swamp. Butternut joins the procession in her lacy yellow cloak while the royal ash marches sedately next to the jolly chestnuts and the flirtatious willows, who are flaunting their yellow banners. The quaking aspen tearfully gives her sombre robe to the display, while the sugar maple appears in her variegated costume. She livens the landscape far and near, and is the envy of the tree sisters. Old oak's fiery temper flares up and the elm raises his yellow umbrella. The slender birch and the stocky beech exchange sunshiny smiles which make the sumac blush deeply by the wayside. Meanwhile, the fruit trees, the industrious peasants of the family, give their coats to the wind.

The foliage shows October's beauty, and the fathomless blues of her sky show her character. Some days the blue is roguish, at other times serious, and sometimes it matches the delicate blue of her gentians. October's sun is as warm and bright as the golden rod, her winds as frolicsome as her clouds, and her atmosphere crisp and invigorating.

Surely October is the belle of the seasons, flirting, as she does, with the elements. Coquettish one minute, frowning the next, she has them all at her feet.

Rachel P. Barnes '22

Memel

Does anyone want a nice new seaport? In 1919 the Peace Conference ordered the French to seize the great port of Memel on the Baltic and hold the city in trust until the Lithuanians proved themselves strong enough to hold it. In the meantime the Poles invaded Lithuania and took Vilna, the capital, where they set up the Republic of Central Lithuania. The government went to Kovno and set up another republic. Some Russians erected an Anti-Bolshevist republic in Lithuania. The League won't give Memel to any of these. The French want to go home. The Germans can't be trusted. Memel is too small to be country by itself. Does any one want a city to board?

Hungary in Trouble

The Peace Conference gave a part of West Hungary to Austria. The troops of the Republic of Hungary have refused to evacuate the territory. When the League threatened to use force so many nations applied for the privilege of driving the Hungarians out that it was necessary to issue orders to form a line on the right and not to shove. The list of countries showing this brotherly love for Hungary includes most of Central Europe.

Greece and Turks at War

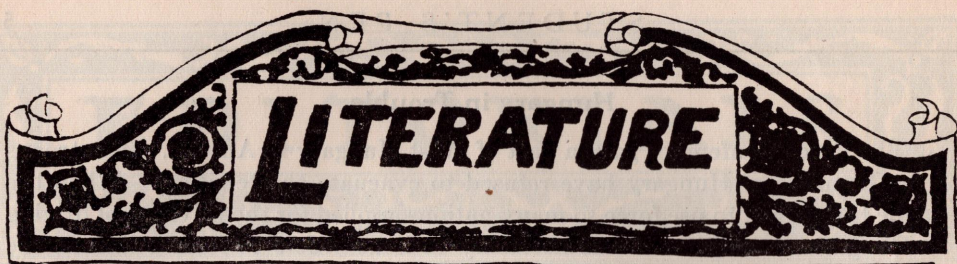
Some time ago the League tried to find a nation willing to go to war with Mustapa Kemel, a Turkish outlaw holding most of Asia Minor. At that time no one would undertake the task, but later Greece made war on the Nationalist government set up by Kemel. The Greek Armies have met with but slight success. Other nations have stood aloof, as interference might bring on a religious war in Egypt, Arabia, and India. It is to be hoped that the new League Court will bring peace here.

The Farmer Bloc

The party organization in Congress has broken down. Both the Republican and Democratic parties have split up into factions. Neither set of leaders can get a straight party-vote. The most powerful group is the "Farmer Bloc." Owing to the fact that the thinly settled farming States have as much representation in the Senate as the great states, like New York and Pennsylvania, the farmer Senators are much in the majority. We should not regret that for once the farmers are getting favorable legislation.

C. K. Shipton.





The Two-Bar's Hallowe'en

When Mexican Sam began his annual tour of Arizona, stage-driving became a quick form of suicide; and this happened just as often as October came around. During the summer the half-breed confined his activities to the more refined art of knifing Mexican royalty and decapitating governments; but when the fierce summer was over and Mexico was cooling down with the temperature, Sam returned to Arizona to soothe his restless mind by teasing Arizonians with a pair of six-shooters.

He arrived in the vicinity of Calahsee City on October twenty-eight—a signal to the Calahseeians to be ready at all times for quick transition across the Bar. Two days passed, however, and the murderer failed to appear. But when the rusty town-clock had just tolled seven on the evening of the second day, the townspeople were aroused by a strange noise from the direction of the public square. Looking for the cause of such a disturbance, the natives saw an automobile,—this might have been taken as a common event were it not for the curious design and odd coloring.

The body was painted a brilliant green, the wheels a flashy red. Strapped on the back was a huge trunk as queer as the auto. It was perfectly cylindrical, being about five feet long and half as large in diameter. Moreover, it was painted blue, a bright, brilliant blue!

The owner of these unusual articles was a young man of about twenty years, with a cheerful face half covered with a huge pair of goggles.

Hello!" he said to the group of Calahseeians who had gathered around him, "I'm Johnny Evans, know me?"

The Calahseeians did not.

"What?" said Johnny, surprised, "you've never heard of the United Fence Company of Prinville, Ohio?"

"Never," said the Calahseeians.

"Well," said Johnny, "you will hear. I'm going to sell twenty-five miles of fencing to the Two Bar Ranch.—Twenty-five miles!"

The Calahseeians said nothing.

"How do you get there?" Johnny asked.

"Why?" said the Calahseeians, "You don't intend to go out there tonight with Mexican Sam loose?"

"I do," said Johnny.

"Then," said the Calahseeians solemnly, "take the cliff road for thirteen miles, and may you rest in peace!"

* * * * *

The Two-Bar ranch was astir early next morning. Johnny was up, too, his smile and his quick wit acting as an antidote for the dismal weather. When Ling Sing, the Chinese man-of-all-work, had washed the breakfast dishes, and the dinner was cooking on the stove, Johnny called him to one side, said something in a low voice, and then, jumping into the auto with the Oriental, disappeared behind the many ranch buildings.

About two miles from the house, he stopped. They had been riding over level land, but now the smooth prairie humped itself up into a steep cliff. There was but one passage thru this, a small cut about twenty feet wide.

"What's this?" Johnny asked.

"Little Cliff Road," replied Ling Sing.

"Ever use it?"

"Sometimes. Big road all mud, use this."

"Will they use it tonight or tomorrow?"

Ling Sing looked at the sky.

"No," he said, "No rain today."

"That's good," said Johnny, "help me untie this trunk."

"What for?" asked Ling Sing.

"What for?" repeated Johnny, "why, inside it is a half-mile of the best fencing in the country. Ab-so-lute-ly-the best.—Withstands time and elements.—Never rusts.—Guaranteed impregnable.—A tank couldn't get thru this fence. If you're a sinner, put this fence between yourself and Hades, and rest secure. Why, you couldn't cut this fence with a cannonball. Use it for all purposes, chicken coop, backyard fence, or fly netting. Makes no difference. Withstands time and the elements and *never* rusts."

Ling Sing grinned and blinked his little eyes, which was perfect Chinese for, "That's what they all say."

"Yes," Johnny continued, "I'm going to sell twenty-five miles of it to the Two-Bar Ranch, and Mr. Blake said it was all right if Bill York, the foreman, said so. And I'm going to make him say so. I'm going to stretch this little piece across this pass and get one of the big trucks from the ranch, and I'm going to run that truck full speed into this fence, and it's going to bound back like a ball."

"Velly good," said Ling Sing, "who gonna drive that truck?"

"Why I am," said Johnny, "But hurry up, I've got to get this fence fixed before dinner."

When the sun was almost directly over them, Johnny, after a rigid inspection, announced that all was ready for the test, but that dinner would be more to his liking just then. So they drove back to the ranch, Johnny elated over the certain success of his plan, Ling Sing fearful lest the dinner be burnt.

Johnny had appointed two o'clock as the hour for the test, but when he strolled out into the yard after dinner, he noticed that the heavens were a mysterious color. The sun was gone now, and everything looked queer to Johnny. Of a sudden, a jagged flash of lightning ripped the sky, and a deafening thunder-clap followed. Then came the down pour.

When night came the storm was still raging. A cold northwester was roaring down the valley, driving the rain before it, and the ranchmen were glad to seek the comfortable warmth of the fire. Johnny broke the long silence saying:

"Tonight is Hallowe'en back east."

"Hallowe'en?" Many of the men had never heard of such a holiday and listened attentively while Johnny explained. When he related the popular pastime of ducking for apples, it was unanimously agreed that it was a good game and should be tried out. In a few moments the kitchen was scarcely less wet than the earth outdoors. Even Ling Sing was initiated much to his chagrin and the ranchmen's merriment, Johnny watched, laughing and cheerful with little thought of the driving rain which was slowly and surely wearing away the Cliff Road, or of the little piece of fencing stretched across the Pass. Nor could he know that while the Two-Bar ranch was celebrating Hallowe'en, Mexican Sam was riding over the hills as fast as the wind that was blowing the rain in all directions, headed for the stage because the next day was pay-day, and pay-day meant money, and money meant life to Mexican Sam.

The telephone rang.

"Hello," said Bill York.

"This you, Mist' Bill York?" came a voice.

"Yes."

"This Minnie, down at Corregan's."

"Yes."

"Wot comes in the stage tonight?"

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Well, just now I put down a window upstairs and I see a gang go over the hill like blazes. It's that Sam the Mex."

"What!" Bill York turned to the men. "Tomorrow's pay-day, first o' the month, and Mexican Sam is after the stage!"

In a moment all was confusion. The men rushed everywhere, seizing coats, hats, guns and belts.

"Let me go!" shouted Johnny. "My little boat—"

"Yes, your little boat," repeated Bill York, "would sink into the mud about ten feet. You stay here with the Chink."

Ling Sing and Johnny stood in the doorway and watched the men go. Then Bill York yelled something that made Johnny's blood run cold.

"The stage can't take the cliff road. They'll go thru the Pass. If that half-breed gets there first he'll hide there and butcher 'em all. If the stage gets thru, they've got a chance. *The Pass.*"

"Bill! Bill!" shrieked Johnny, "come back! Wait!—"

A flash of lightning revealed Bill a long way down the road, Johnny was frantic.

"I've killed them!" he shouted to Ling Sing, "Wrecked the stage! killed 'em! Oh, You, you Chink, you! You told me it couldn't rain, and you helped me fix the fence. It's half your fault. We've killed 'em!"

They sat down by the fire to wait the men's return. Half an hour, an hour—the rain still poured down and the thunder mumbled. Then Ling Sing said he heard somebody singing.

"It's the angels, Ling," said Johnny, desperate, "we're going to die sure."

"No!" Ling asserted.

Johnny listened, and going to the door he listened again. Far down the road came a song—

"For he's a jolly good fellow

Which nobody can deny."

Nearer, nearer, came the singers, Johnny and Ling Sing watched wonderingly.

"Johnny!" cried Ling Sing, "There's Bill an' everybody. Who's that in front?"

Ling Sing pointed to six men astride their horses. Their hands were tied behind their backs.

"It's Sam the Mex!"

Ling Sing was right. It was Mexican Sam and his gang, captives. The Oriental could not restrain his joy.

"H'lo, Bill!" he cried. "What you got?"

"Company," replied Bill, laughing. "Where's Johnny?"

"I'm here."

Bill York rode up and grasped Johnny's hand.

"Congratulations, Mr. Johnny Evans," he said. "You're the goldarndest best bandit-capturer I ever saw."

"Why," said Johnny, surprised, "I just—"

"Sure," said Bill, "you just earned five thousand dollars."

"But I stayed at home!"

"Yes, but it was your trap."

"Trap?"

"Sure. That fence, there. You puts it up an' long comes this half breed like a streak o' lightnin' an' Wham! The whole gang goes into the fence and breaks their horses' legs and almost breaks their own necks. An' then along comes us and finishes the job."

"And the reward is—mine? Five thousand dollars?" Johnny asked.

"Every bit of it. We'll go to Calahoe City tomorrow morning an' get it."

Bill York answered.

"Do I sell the fence?" asked Johnny.

"Sure!" asserted Bill, "fifty miles!"

"Whew!" said Johnny. "I'm rich!"

Ling Sing tip-toed up to Johnny.

"Johnny," he whispered.

"What's the matter?" Johnny asked.

"Johnny," said Ling Sing, "it was half my fault!"

Edward Hickey, '23

The Reformation of Joseph

The night was dark.—Most nights are dark.—Nothing unusual about that! On both sides of the country road stretched long lines of silent pines, guarding the retreat of the forest. The sky was inky black, dented here and there by nervous, wriggling, little stars, that simply couldn't keep still. An unhealthy moon in its last quarter shed a weird light over the whole scene.

Into such a setting strode the stalwart Joseph, pride of the house of Harrison, and, like that other Joseph, a dreamer of dreams. However, dreams alone did not satisfy Joseph's craving, he must needs dally with the so-called supernatural. Indeed this very evening he was returning from a spiritualistic lecture delivered in the town hall at the village.

The tendency of Joseph's was a cause of sorrow to his friends who had considered him as one of their best pals before he acquired these ideas of spiritism. They resolved that something should be done about it.

Although his home was several miles out, Joseph had refused a horse, explaining to his parents that he preferred to be alone with his thoughts and that the walk in solitude would serve to put him in an acceptable frame of mind for what he felt might be a turning point in his career.

Now the inspiring lecture was over and Joseph was homeward bound, too wrapt in thought to observe his surroundings as he progressed. Thoughts filled his mind of how he, himself should some day captivate audiences by his message concerning the spirit world, the discovery of which had taken the bitterness from death.

Then, just as the moon relaxed its hold on the horizon and dropped from sight, a piercing, blood-curdling shriek split the monotonous sound of night like a keen edged knife. A second, and a third, nearer this time!

It is needless to state that Joseph was aroused from his apathy, his knees began to tremble and knock against each other rather outrageously. He started up the road at a brisk pace, his teeth chattering a lively dirge in accompaniment. When but little more than a rod further another shriek close at hand sent the blood pounding into his ears as he rushed on.

A moment later he looked back over his shoulder. What he saw did not make him reduce his speed. Up the road in full pursuit dashed a whiterobed creature, its ghastly garment fluttering and flapping, long snowwhite hair streaming in the wind, and its visage terrible with great hollow eyes and grinning mouth set in chalky whiteness. Hideous does not adequately describe its appearance.

A terrified yell from Joseph, a long-drawn wail from his pursuer, and the chase began. On and on and on, breath nearly spent, eyesight dimmed, dripping with icy perspiration, but almost home! A final spurt and he would be safe!

But the stone, innocent, dust-covered stone, he had not reckoned with that!

Joseph redoubled his efforts and was beginning to out-strip his pursuer when he came upon the stone, lost his balance, fell!

The race was o'er!

Joseph had not the strength to rise, and he had not long to wait.

Suddenly from all about him spectres began to hem him in. To what purpose he knew not. He could count them by dozens, all shapes and sizes, but all of the same degree of hideousness. They reached out and touched him with their clammy hands, while their icy breaths chilled him, through and through.

One short, thick ghost, bolder than the rest, ran his freezing fingers down Joseph's neck until he screamed from horror.

Then at a signal from Joseph's pursuer, who was their leader, they lifted the boy bodily and conveyed him to a secluded spot in the nearby wood. There they placed him on his feet, but Joseph was trembling so violently that it was necessary for two phantoms to support him, one on each side.

The company of spectres formed a circle around him and began to wail a weird, unintelligible chant. When they had finished the leader arose and addressed Joseph:

"Know you, thou son of mortal man, that there is a world beyond the earth where humans dwell. No mortal entereth there, although to those, favored by the spirits, communication is allowed. But hark ye, diligently, to those whom we forbid, it is the gravest folly to try to participate in the realm of the spirits. Thou hast grossly trespassed against us, yet thy fate can not be sealed without warning thee. Hence it is necessary for thee to forsake thine interference with the spirit realm lest thou and thy house be haunted from this time forth, and thou thyself be compelled to roam restlessly over the earth throughout eternities.

Answer, dost thou promise to forsake?"

"I-I-I-pr-pr-promise," gasped Joseph.

Whereupon the spectres howled a hollow hymn of hideous happiness. Swiftly they blindfolded him and carried him off across the fields to his own home where they deposited him on the door-step and vanished into the night.

In the days that followed, Joseph was normal in mind and ambition and resumed fellowship with his boyhood friends much to their delight. Meanwhile village mothers wondered at muddy sheets, village sisters at supplies of powder so suddenly decreased, and ancient maiden ladies of the village grieved over missing switches.

Rachael Sheldon, '23

The Attic

How still it seemed when the door closed at the foot of the stairs leading up to the attic! All the busy life of the family was shut out by this grim barrier, and silence reigned in the room above.

You ascended fearfully one step at a time, pausing whenever the flame of the candle flickered and listening for footsteps. You fervently hoped that father had repented and sent someone to relieve you of your mission. You knew that when he said you must learn not to be afraid of the darkness, he would keep his word and make you go through the ordeal, but you clung despairingly to the last

shred of hope. And so you mounted, step by step until you finally entered the wide, empty void of blackness, where your candle barely showed the objects directly in your path.

You advanced cautiously. Your heart thumped loudly. It seemed as if the attic echoed with the sound. Great lumps in your throat, almost choked you. Your eyes ached from straining them into the darkness ahead, while your feet seemed like lumps of iron, it was such a task to drag them along. How the boards groaned and creaked. O Horrors! What was that? See, it advanced, waving its long white arms. What could you do? You stood petrified, your lips refusing to utter a sound! Your head throbbed and everything swam before your eyes, when—Why you remembered it was only your father's winter overcoat covered with a sheet, as it hung from the rafters. But surely that was a queer looking shape behind the barrel farther on. Was it—O yes, it was only a shadow. This discovery relieved your mind and you went on with renewed courage, but you glanced fearfully about and hurried past the chimney closet and the old four poster, and the great rocking-chair. Once you nearly stumbled but you caught hold of the side of the ladder that led up to the roof, covering your hand with clinging, creepy cobwebs, which seemed to remain there, even after you had carefully wiped them off on your dress. Past rows of pictures, standing against the wall, past the high linen-chests, the old bureau and the pile of dilapidated chairs. A mouse scuttled by under your feet! You jumped back and hit one of the chairs. Crash! Bang! Over it toppled, making the echoes sound and resound, growing fainter and fainter until they ceased altogether. You sobbed from fright and kept casting glances back over your shoulder in dread of an unknown "Thing" that was shadowing you, following in your very footsteps. You felt its breath in your ear and you could feel its cold hands grasp your neck, creep down your arm, touch your wrist, your hand and your very fingers. You wanted to shriek to give one mighty cry and then die, if need be. Perhaps when they found your body lying stiff on the hard bare attic floor they would be sorry that they had sent you up into this den of horrible, creeping, ghostly things.

Suddenly your heart was filled with new courage. You shook off the "Thing" and marched boldly to the great trunk, whose outline you could make out in the corner. Here was the end of your perilous journey. Over it, resting on the broad beam, were piles of soap, placed there to dry; and you had been sent up for a cake of it. You set the candle carefully on a wooden box near by. Then you climbed on the trunk, tearing your dress with a jagged corner of tin. Finally you stood upright, and stretched on tiptoe managed to get one bar of soap in your hand and three on the floor. You didn't stop to pick the three remaining bars. The next person who wanted soap could do that. You took up the candle and turned back, past the chairs, bureaus, chests, pictures, ladder, bed and rocking-chairs. It had begun to rain, and the patter, patter, on the roof, mingled with the sound of the wind as it whistled under the eaves. Just then came a fierce gust of wind and after twisting the flame of the candle this way and that, it finally extinguished it, leaving you in the black, black night. The darkness, which hemmed you round and pressed closely on you until you seemed to feel that some unknown

ghostly horror was approaching you, was near you, was upon you! With a shriek of fear you plunged past the barrels, stumbled, fell and everything was a blank.

A friendly light aroused you. How different the cheery light of the sitting-room lamp looked to you from the chilly darkness of the attic above. A sense of relief stole over you and in a sleepy half conscious way you heard some one's voice say, miles and miles away—"I shall not send her into the attic again, alone until she has outgrown her fear of darkness!"

Clarise M. Toppin

Autumn

A long time ago before the years were numbered, King Abas, a kind and gentle ruler held dominion over the beautiful country of Cassacar.

The princess Lyre, the only daughter of King Abas of Cassacar was so lovely that no one could see her without loving her. When still a small child, she was so beautiful that the people whispered among themselves saying that the Lady Heruli the princess' godmother had cast a magic spell upon her. As she grew her beauty increased double fold. Suitors came from near and far, but none of these were handsome, or wise enough to please the princess.

One day an old, shrivelled man with an anxious air requested an audience with the king. He declared that no one save the king could hear his story. The king curious to know what his pressing message was finally granted him an audience.

The old man bowed low before His Majesty.

"Speak!" ordered the king.

"Yesterday," narrated he, "as I was passing through the ancient forest on the boundary of Cassacar I heard a number of tiny voices crying 'Long live Damon! Long live Damon, Prince of Cassacar!'" I then seemed to awake as from a dream and before me was this box covered with dirt and moss."

He showed the king a queerly wrought gold box.

"May it please Your Majesty, I being an honest servant and thinking it should be yours, came straight-way to you."

The king called a smith at once and ordered him to break the locks. The minute the fastenings were loosened, the cover flew open revealing another gold box, studded with immense diamonds. This inner case was fastened more securely than the outer and after a great amount of prying, filing and tugging the smith declared that it was beyond his power to break the clasps.

It was published abroad that the person who opened this mysterious box would receive an enormous reward from His Majesty, King Abas. Day and night for many days his castle gates were crowded, until, in despair, he commanded that anyone who made three attempts to open the box and failed should die. The crowd slowly dispersed and the gates were opened again.

One morning a group of beautifully clad horses and horsemen approached the castle gates. The king was filled with hope, for this might be some noble person who had come to open the box. But alas! he was disappointed for it was

but the cavalcade of one who announced himself as Prince Damon, who had come to woo fair Lyre. He was the handsomest and wisest youth that had ever entered Ogrison Castle.

Princess Lyre loved him from the very time he entered the castle and the more she saw him the more dearly she loved him. Prince Damon cared for the princess even more than she did for him. He vowed that he could not be happy without her.

Prince Damon seeing that Lyre had a great affection for him asked the king for his daughter. But Lyre was the king's sole affection, without her life would be all too lonely. He would not give her away, he said, unless to some one stronger and kinder than himself.

Thus, when Damon came in the morning for his answer, King Abas replied briefly, "Open this box and Lyre, my daughter, is yours forever. You may have one month in which to prepare tools, if after three attempts you fail you shall die the following morning at sunrise.

Prince Damon had the strength of a lion. He had surpassed every man in his father's domain so that this seemed a simple task. However as so many had failed he ordered the smith to make for him tools of the strongest metal.

On the last day of the month Damon tried the locks once. He pried a second time. They stirred! He then gave a final pull! They cracked! Damon was lost! Three times he had tried and three times had failed. He begged the king to allow him to open the box. His request was granted.

He severed the locks and bowing before the princess said, "May it please you to grant the last request of a humble servant? Open not the inside case until I have departed."

The daughter begged the king to allow Damon to live, but though he had high regard for him he could not break his word. Weeping she called her godmother and earnestly implored that she help her.

The godmother having pity for the child said, "Ask and I shall give it."

Almost overcome with the thought that she might yet save Damon she cried feebly, "Make him a south wind that the ugly north wind may know a kind and generous heart."

Heruli touched Damon and he drifted sadly out of the window.

The princess opened the golden box. On the bottom was written, "Make known your greatest desire and it shall be granted."

"If I could only be a tree," mourned Lyre. The next day when she awoke, she was a large maple and Damon was singing nearby.

For six long months they were happy but when the north wind came Damon had to flee. Lyre wept day and night. Her eyes grew red, and her leaves fell to the ground as tears, leaving her forlorn until Damon came again. The other trees pitied her, and they too wept when Damon departed, and arrayed themselves in bright green to welcome him back again.

"Damon, Damon," sighed the trees when he departed, until the whole world called the time when Damon went "autumn."

Dorothy Cooke

Little Scar Face

In a village by a lake dwelt a young warrior named Team. He had no kinsfolk except a sister who kept house for him. She was called the White Maiden.

No one had ever seen Team. The villagers could hear his footsteps as he went by, and they could see his tracks in the snow, but Team himself they never saw, he was invisible.

One day Team's sister called the village maidens to the council house. When all were come in she said to them "My brother Team wishes to marry. He is a young man and very rich, but he is invisible! No one can see him who is not gentle and good. Therefore, if any maiden can see him he will have her for his wife. The village maidens were all joyful when they heard this. They knew that Team was young and rich. Every evening, when the sun set, some of the maidens would go down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden always invited them to come in, and they would sit and watch by the wigwam fire. By and by, as they sat, they would hear footsteps. Then the door flap would open and some one would enter. But the maidens could never see anyone.

At the other end of the village, lived an old man with his three daughters. The two elder were young women but the third was only a girl.

The elder sisters were very unkind to the little girl. They made her do all the work and gave her only bones and scraps to eat. Often, when they were angry they would throw ashes and hot coals in the little sister's face. In this way the little girl's face was burned and marked with scars. So the villagers named her little Scar Face.

One day in winter, the eldest sister said, "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team! In the evening, as the sun set, the eldest sister went down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come inside.

By and by they heard footsteps. Outside the wigwam there was a sound as if someone was dragging a sledge thru the snow. The White Maiden led little Scar Face's sister to the door and said to her, "can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," she answered.

"Then tell me, of what is the sledge string made?" asked the White Maiden. And the other answered, "It is made of moose skin."

This made the White Maiden angry. "No it is not made of moose skin. You have not seen my brother. You must go away," she cried. And she drove the sister out of the wigwam.

The next day little Scar Face's second sister went to the wigwam to win Team for a husband, but she had no better luck, for when the White Maiden asked her of what the sledge string was made she answered.

"It is made of deerskin."

At this the White Maiden became angry again.

"No it is not made of deerskin. You have not seen my brother. You must go away, too."

The next morning, while her two sisters sat and talked, little Scar Face worked very hard. She scoured the kettles and carried out the ashes and fetched

a great pile of wood for the fire. Then she said to the two sisters:

"Elder sisters, lend me your shell beads and your moccasins. I too, should like to try to marry Team."

But her sisters laughed and mocked at the little girl. They would not lend her any moccasins. At last her second sister gave her some strings of beads that were very small. She had no pretty clothing to wear, but she made herself a queer little dress out of birch bark.

She looked very ugly with her scarred face and short hair. As she went thru the village, the people laughed and called out: "Oh! look at little Scar Face!"

But when she came to Team's wigwam the white maiden spoke kindly to her.

"Come into the wigwam, little Scar Face," she said.

By and by she heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden said, "Little Scar Face, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him, and I am afraid for he is wonderful," answered little Scar Face.

"Then tell me of what is his sledge string made?" said the White Maiden.

"How wonderful! His sledge string is the rainbow!" cried little Scar Face. When Team heard this he smiled and said to his sister, "Elder sister, bathe little Scar Face's hair and eyes in the magic water."

And when she did so a wonderful thing happened. All the scars and burns faded away from the little girl's face. Her hair came out long and black. Her eyes were like two round stars.

The White Maiden then led her to the wife's seat beside the door. Thus little Scar Face saw Team and he had her for his wife.

S. Strong

"Uncle Billy's" Story

One Hallowe'en night I decided to let silly pranks alone and have a "safe and sane" Hallowe'en so I went over to "Uncle Billy" Warren's. He was an aged, white haired colored man, who lived by himself in a little old log cabin.

I found the old man enjoying his corn cob pipe as he sat huddled up to the stove, for it was a chilly night. As I opened the door a gust of wind came in which made "Uncle Billy" shiver.

"Hurry chile," said he, "and shet dat doah! Dis reminds me of jes' such a night when Ah was knee-high to a grasshopper. Me an' m' brudder was comin' home from m' granmudders 'long a lonely road dat wen' by de cemetery. M' granmudder had been tellin' us 'bout ghosts dat used t' roam de country when she was younger an' 'course we was kinda timid like when we passed dis heah cemetery. M' brudder says all of a sudden like, 'Hey, Bill what's all in backa dat grave stone yonner?'"

"I looked an' shure nuff dere was sompin all in white and sneakin' toward us. Ah jus' picked up mah legs and started fur home. It had been rainin' fur several days an' Ah slide fus' dis way an' den dat way, an' do yo' know, if dat foolish white crittur didn't up an' foller us. Ma' brudder he begun t' yell, an' de ghos't' groan, but Ah had enuff 'precedence' of min' t' keep quiet. Ah was jus gittin' out on t'

de good road when Ah los' mah bes' Sunday go-t'-meetin' hat. Ah didn' stop t' git it 'cause dat ol' ghos' was right in back ob me.

"Jus' as Ah was goin' t' jump de fence an' go int' de medder Ah had t' go an' stumble an' dat ghos' he jes' take me an' mah brudder an' put us in dat holler che'nut tree down by Miller's swamp down dere, an' boarded de hole up. Dere we sat cryin' and wonderin' if our Mammy wus lookin' foah us, or if anybody would be long soon. Den we bof dose off t' sleep, and slep' 'til de sun, shinin' fru' de cracks of de boads, woke us up. We push' wif all our might 'gainst de boards but it did no good. Dey wus too strong.

"After a long time mah brudder begun t' cry, an' say he wus hungry, an' why did nobody come. Ah tol' him 'course no budy come 'cause did road wus not used so much as de oder one. Dis made him cry all de moah. Den I gits a' idee! Keep still, chile," say I, "mebbe it's de day o' Jedgment. We all gwine to get loose soon.

Jes' den Ah heerd de rumble o' wheels. Ah says t' mah brudder t' yell as louds as he could. So we yelled an' yelled an' pretty soon we sees a hawse an' wagon dat mah Mammy wus drivin'." She got out an' tear de boads off de tree an' takes us out of de restin' place. She ask us how we done got dere an' Ah tol' her by a ghos! She laub an' say dat dere ain' no ghos.

"Next day when Ah went to school, Ah seen dat George Washin'ton Jones done hab on a new hat jes' like mah Sunday-go-t'-meeting one, dat I los'. So Ah go home an' tell mah Mammy an' she go wid a great big hawse whip, an' as' him if he wus de ghos', an' when he said dat he wus, he wus hawse-whipped so dat he didn't come t' school foah a week."

"That was a bully story 'Uncle Billy,'" I said, "and I hope you will tell it to the rest of the fellows when they come to see you."

"Ah shure will chile, Ah——shure——will," said Uncle Billy who was already nearly overcome with sleep.

Elizabeth H. McCombs, '23

The Backfence Ghost

Hallowe'en had arrived at last and Billy and Bobby Jones were in a rather turbulent spirit of mind over it. For hadn't Mother promised them that if they were good that day they might go out that night and celebrate? Now that may seem very strange but if you knew those two young gentlemen you would understand. Throughout the entire village of Middletown, Billy and Bobby Jones enjoyed the singular reputation of being "holy terrors." If any mischievous act was performed in Middleton or if anything went wrong the first question asked was, "Well, where are the Jones youngsters?" and they were usually at the foot of the trouble.

So it wasn't very strange when about ten o'clock that morning Mrs. Jones heard a scream coming from the garden. Rushing out she found "the holy terrors" engaging in a battle with fists. They were promptly sent into the house and told that they would have to stay in their rooms for the rest of the day; and they absolutely could not go out that night.

For about an hour sorrow reigned supreme in the Jones nursery. But it wasn't very long before the energetic brain of Bobby worked out a wonderful plan. They just had to go out that night. He knew what he'd do! If he went out onto the back piazza upstairs, and cut the clothesline with the knife Father had given him for Christmas, he and Billy could hide it and later use it to let themselves out of the window. The plan was no sooner thought out than it was accepted. The afternoon passed quickly to them.

Now, that morning Billy had upset his morning coffee, and Mother had washed out the tablecloth so it wouldn't be stained. During the day she had been so busy that she had forgotten it. It hung right near the back fence and occasionally the wind blew it over the fence and then whipped it back again.

It was dark very early that night, and about half-past seven the mischief makers were satisfied that Mother and Father were carefully settled in the living room. They tied the rope carefully to the bedpost and then threw it out the window agreeing that since Bobby had thought of the plan he should descend first. Cautiously, though the rope cut and scorched his hands Bobby lowered himself to the ground. Next Billy descended, and the two started planning their affairs for the evening. Suddenly, Billy, who was looking towards the fence emitted a blood-curdling shriek and started running for the door. Bobby looked around, there in front of him was a large white object moving slowly back and forth over the fence. It didn't take him long to follow his brother into the house to his mother.

The surprised lady caught the two "holy terrors" now wholly terrified in her arms, and after numerous questions, learned the cause of their mad rush into the house. She quieted their fears by telling them that the "ghost" was nothing but a tablecloth. Billy and Bobby looked at each other somewhat sheepishly, and then kissing Mother good night they went upstairs to bed.

Eleanor Hynes

Aunt Samantha and the Ghost

It was the night before Hallowe'en and Aunt Samantha and Uncle Josiah were sitting in front of the blazing fireplace in the large livingroom of their farm. Aunt Samantha was knitting and Uncle Josiah was smoking his old corn-cob pipe and reading the newspaper.

Suddenly Aunt Samantha looked at Uncle Josiah and said, "What crazy idea do you think those boys have got into their heads now?"

Uncle Josiah who was that type of man known as a "henpecked husband" replied that he didn't know but, at the same time thought to himself that whatever idea it was the children were doomed for disappointment.

"Well," said Aunt Samantha, "Mabel phoned today that them kids wanted ter have a Hallowe'en party out here at the farm."

"Well, what did you tell them?" asked Uncle Josiah with a twinkle in his eye indicating that he knew the answer without asking.

"What did I tell them? Why Josiah Hopkins, have you gone crazy? You don't think I'm going ter have them kids tearing my house upside down just be-

cause they think that ghosts are around de yer? Ghosts! I told Mabel if she didn't teach 'em better they'd grow up into nobodies."

As can readily be seen Aunt Samantha was a woman who believed neither in ghosts nor goblins nor Santa Claus and if she had believed in them in her childhood, doubtless she had forgotten about them and the good times she had while believing in these fairy creatures. Consequently she believed that her two nephews, Dick and Harry should be brought up, believing only in the true things in life and passing over the fanciful things which bring so much enjoyment to the little folks.

As Uncle Josiah had found out by this time through twenty years of married life that Aunt Samantha's word was law he said nothing but thanked his lucky stars that his sister-in-law didn't hold the same views as his wife upon the bringing up of the children.

The next day Aunt Samantha worked around all day, dusting, sweeping, cleaning, baking and doing the thousand and one things that a farmer's wife is called upon to do. If she gave a thought towards Hallowe'en or the party that she had refused to give for the children she did not utter it and acted as if nothing had happened.

But down deep in her heart Aunt Samantha was thinking of Hallowe'en. Poor Aunt Samantha! She had not had the kind of life that most girls had. Her mother had been an old fashioned woman who brought Samantha up in the strictest manner she knew how. Consequently the only things Aunt Samantha knew about Hallowe'en was from an old book she had borrowed from one of her girl friends. She recalled what a fuss she had had with her mother when she had found her reading it. Aunt Samantha hastily brushed away a tear and resumed her work.

"Well," she finally said to herself, "If them kids want ter have a party their mother can give them one but they won't make fools of themselves out to my house."

Uncle Josiah came home to supper from the city as usual. He had stopped in at his sister-in-law's just in time to see preparations for a party. Dick and Harry were both trying to tell him all about it while hanging pumpkins and turning the living room into the haunts of ghosts. The boys thought Uncle Josiah a good sport and told him once that he'd have been a "regular fellow" if it hadn't been for Aunt Samantha. As for Aunt Samantha herself, they stood in awe of her and kept their thoughts of her to themselves. It would be readily seen, though, that there wasn't much love lost between the aunt and her nephews. The boys teased and teased Uncle Josiah to stay and help celebrate, but Uncle Josiah, knowing his wife and her sharp tongue, pulled himself away with difficulty.

All through supper he was silent and only spoke when spoken to. At length his silence annoyed Samantha.

Looking at him once he seemed to be thinking of something far away.

"Josiah!" she called sharply, "what are you thinking about?"

Poor Uncle Josiah was so startled he could hardly answer. "No-o-o-o-thing," he finally blurted out.

"Don't tell me that," yelled Aunt Samantha. "You were thinking about them kids and that fool party. I suppose you stopped in to see them on the way home?"

Uncle Josiah, trembling, admitted that he had.

"Well, what were they doing?" suddenly asked Aunt Samantha.

Uncle Josiah looked up curiously. Was his wife really interested? Anyhow he might as well tell her all about it, so he gave lengthy description of the preparations for the party.

"Hm, of all the foolishness!" grunted Aunt Samantha.

Uncle Josiah and Aunt Samantha spent the evening in the usual manner and at eleven o'clock started for bed.

Uncle Josiah immediately fell asleep, snoring away for all he was worth, but Aunt Samantha somehow just couldn't get to sleep. The full moon shining through the window cast ghostly shadows on the wall. Aunt Samantha tossed and tumbled so much that she woke Uncle Josiah up.

"What ails you?" he asked in a sleepy tone.

"Nothing," snapped Aunt Samantha in such a voice that Uncle Josiah thought dreamland the best place for him. He turned over and resumed his snoring but still Aunt Samantha was nervous.

"Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!"

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! chimed the library clock.

Ah, twelve o'clock! the hour when the ghosts walked! What was that?

"Step! Step! Step! Step!"

Aunt Samantha nearly screamed. She couldn't wake Josiah. What would she do? Courageously she got out of bed and stole softly to the window. A figure all in white was coming out from behind the barn.

Now although Aunt Samantha didn't believe in ghosts still it was Hallowe'en and the hour when ghosts walked—. Aunt Samantha shivered. What was she to do? Suddenly she thought of Uncle Josiah's gun. Ah, that was the answer. She wouldn't have to wake up Josiah at all. That was one comfort. If Uncle Josiah ever found out how foolish she was, what would he say?

Putting on Josiah's slippers and her big coat she went to look for his gun. Finding it, her courage again failed. She paused outside the bedroom door.

"Step! Step! Step! Step!"

The footsteps were coming nearer. If she was to act she must act quickly. She crept noiselessly down the stairs, out through the kitchen and there she paused.

Supposing it was a ghost? The one ghost story she had read came back to her. It had been at twelve o'clock! The ghost had been all in white! Exactly the same circumstances that she found herself facing now! She opened the door, went out and closed it behind her.

"Step! Step! Step! Step! Step!"

Poor Aunt Samantha. She tried to open the door to go in but it was stuck. If she cried out she would waken Josiah. No, there was only one thing to do. She must shoot that ghost! She looked out at the driveway. There was the ghost nearly up to the house! Aunt Samantha pulled the trigger.

"Bang! Bang!"

The bullet just missed the side of the barn. At the same time the ghost cried out plaintively.

"Baa! Baa! Baa-a-a-a!"

Aunt Samantha was so surprised she fell backwards in a dead faint. The next thing she knew she was in the kitchen, feeling like a drowned kitten. Uncle Josiah, awakened by the shot, had come down to find his wife in a dead faint. He had taken her into the kitchen and in his excitement had thrown a dipperful of water over her to bring her to.

Aunt Samantha slowly opened her eyes and gazed upon her husband. Seeing that she was all right Josiah gave a hearty laugh.

Aunt Samantha immediately became angry. "Josiah Hopkins." She yelled, "What's the idea of letting the animals loose in the middle of the night and making me go down to put them back in the barn?"

At this Uncle Josiah only laughed harder. When he finally controlled himself he managed to say, "Well Samantha," 'twas the fust time I ever heard of a person taking a gun to put a lamb back in the barn, Did you think 'twas a ghost?"

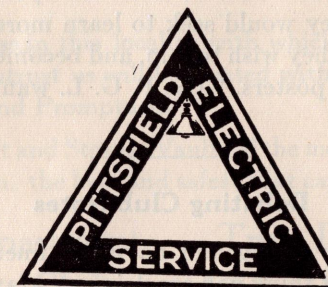
"No, I didn't think 'twas no ghost," said Aunt Samantha, "but 'twas Hallowe'en Eve and twelve o'clock and just the time when ghosts walked."

Then Aunt Samantha clapped her hands over her mouth. She had carelessly uttered her thoughts, the last thing in the world she had intended to do.

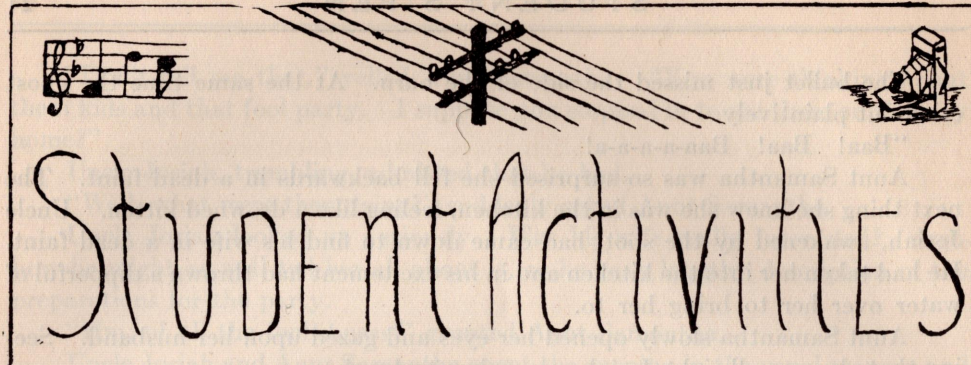
Uncle Josiah burst into more laughter but this time Aunt Samantha joined him.

Then she immediately resumed her dignity. "Josiah Hopkins," she exclaimed, "if you dare to tell them kids about tonight's happenings, I declare I'll do something desperate! But you may tell them that if they want to have their Christmas party at my house, they're welcome to do so."

Dorothy French



Use Pittsfield's
Good Electric Light
and Power Service



The Girls' League

It is to be regretted that there is no gymnasium in the High School and no real course of physical education. A few pupils receive physical exercise from some source connected with the school. These are the boys on the athletic teams. The girls, however, receive no physical education in the High School. Yet it is generally acknowledged that such education is beneficial, and almost necessary. The girls ought to have this instruction. How is it to be accomplished?

Since there is no course inside the school, we must look for an institution outside, which can give the girls this education. The best, and I believe the only place in Pittsfield, for physical instruction for them is the Girls' League. All school-girls in Pittsfield may be admitted. There are classes in dancing, gymnasium classes, and other interesting and instructive departments. The laws of good health are taught and enforced. The work is easy and pleasant. In fact, the Pittsfield Girls' League was founded for the purpose of giving health, strength and joy to school girls. Moreover, the dues are only ten cents a week. Any high school girl should be willing to spend an hour or two a week in strengthening exercise, and to pay ten cents a week for the priceless treasure of good health. There are many high school girls who now attend the classes, but this is a privilege which all ought to enjoy. It would be time well spent for those girls who have never attended them, if they would seek to learn more about the Girls' League, choose those classes which they wish to join, and become a member. In the words of one of the Girls' League posters, "The P. G. L. wants you."

Erminie Huntress.

Debating Club Notes

We're still here, going strong and having a fine time. Want to join us? You can, anytime, but don't think you are doing us a favor. You're not! You're doing yourself a good turn.

We had an election last month. Mr. Abbot was chosen president, Miss Prentice vice-president and Mr. Cullen secretary. Did you notice I said Miss Prentice? She was the first girl to enter the Debating Club and we gave her a job right away. We can't give you all offices, girls, but if you do come up, we will give you a good time. So, stop fighting in the halls; come up and argue with professionals.

By the way, Mr. Strout is thinking of offering a course in debating to those who are interested, and he thinks we might break into a Triangular League.

I'd like to take more space to tell you something about some of the debates we've had, WOW! but come up and see for yourself.

I didn't mean to slight you fellows when I was passing out the invitations to "sign up" but you know how it is.

Don't forget next Friday!

All set for That Triangular League.

F. R. C., Sec'y.

"Now tell me," said the father stern;

"Did that fellow stay here late?"

"Oh no," the daughter fair replied,

"He left at quarter of eight."

Then a smile flickered 'cross her lips

And danced in her eyes of blue.

"That surely was no lie," said she,

"For quarter of eight is two."

Margaret O'Brien wants to know what inveterate means. Miss Flynn called her an inveterate whisperer and she doesn't like it very well.

The Pittsfield National Bank

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Any business in this locality with which you may decide to entrust us will be treated with Courtesy, Accuracy and Promptness.

Safe Deposit and Storage Vaults of the most modern construction, the best and safest that can be made.

Savings Department Trust Department
Christmas Club

Corner North and West Streets
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

School Notes

Miss Rose Converse, who has been an instructor of French at this school for several years resigned her position last month to become the bride of Frank H. Baker of Providence, R. I. Miss Converse, who is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College has been one of the most competent teachers that the school has ever had. Both the teachers and pupils wish her the greatest success and happiness in the future.

The class of 1921 P. H. S. is well represented in the various colleges and normal schools and even back at the P. H. S. for there are several post graduates from that class.

Miss Ella Casey of the faculty of the Lee High School has succeeded Miss Rose Converse as instructor of French at the P. H. S.

The P. H. S. has lost one of its best athletes, "Dunk" McNaughton, who has entered St. Joseph's High.

During the "No Accident Week" which was observed throughout the state recently we were given the pleasure of hearing a talk on "Accidents and Means of Preventing Them" and also saw some pictures on the subject thru the courtesy of Mr. Ashe of the G. E.

How about all the "bobs at the P. H. S.?" The "Bobitis" epidemic seems to have struck our students by the looks of all the "bobs," and new ones each day.

It was not so many moons ago when it was the custom, not only of the freshmen element of this institution of learning, but also of the high and aristocratic seniors to leave upon the desks that they occupied their trade marks carved deeply in the tops of the desks. It was the tendency of all freshmen, in fact the male members considered it their solemn duty to leave their initials on the desk tops in rooms seventeen and twenty for future generations to look upon.

But now times have changed, initials that were carved in the desk tops years ago have been completely wiped out. The tops of the desks have been planed and polished. Where it was once considered the duty of every male member of the P. H. S. to have his initials on desk tops, it is now considered his duty to keep even pin scratches off. The penalty for marking on desks has brought wonderful results. First, it makes the school room look better. Second, it keeps the tops of the desks clean. Furthermore it enables students to write with pen and ink which was an impossibility before because of the many holes on the desk tops. The students of the P. H. S. ought to be thankful to somebody "higher up" for the services they have rendered.

Thomas Joyce

Frank Bastow broke his collar bone while playing in the opening Football Game in Adams October 5th.

The Misses Thelma Johnson, Marguerite Clark and Helen Dansereau were in the local chorus of "Very Good Eddie;" their dancing and singing was appreciated by all.

Saving Sows the Seed for SUCCESS

SAVING IS NOT SUCCESS—saving sows the seed—it is the problem of the man and woman to reap the harvest of success by his or her own efforts.

Saving, however, makes success far easier for it means that you will have something to work with—money to use when money is needed to make success possible.

During your school days when you are mastering lessons which will help you later in life, learn the greatest lesson of all—

Learn to Save



City Savings Bank of Pittsfield

North Street at Fenn Street

Morningside Branch
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch
Union Block



The Ypsi Sem of Ypsilanti, Mich. is a little newspaper that does without ads, cuts, or literature. We note also that it has the support of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Drury Academe of North Adams, Mass., is another paper that does without ads and cuts, other than the cover.

The Central Recorder of Springfield, Mass., is a newspaper that confines itself mostly to current school news.

Papers from Williams and Trinity come to us regularly.

The Crimson and White of Albany, N. Y., has an energetic exchange editor who had the kindness to mark a score of school publications according to the merits of their departments. The Student's Pen is accredited with good literature and fair editorials.

Fall and Winter Footwear

Styles that are absolutely newest.
Quality the best. Prices that
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KINNEY'S

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PITTSFIELD, MASS.

ATHLETICS

Adams 6—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield High opened its football season at Adams Saturday, October 8, 1921 and was defeated 6 to 0. The only score of the game came after a forward pass Herman to McInerney, which brought the ball in play on Pittsfield's two yard line. McInerney finally succeeded in crossing the goal line after three plunges through Pittsfield's line despite the fact that the Pittsfield boys fought hard. Pittsfield's best chance to score came in the final quarter. Garrity caught a punt and ran it back to Adams twenty yard line. Weltman made eight yards and then Garrity crossed the goal line but was called back for illegal interference. One minute of play was left. Bastow was injured badly while playing and after his injury he was sorely missed in the line-up. Garrity, Steenrod and Learned worked well for Pittsfield while McInerney excelled for Adams.

The line-up:

Adams
O'Brien, l. e.
Kiley, l. t.
McGaughey, Rooney, l. g.
Curran, c.
Ruhrect, r. g.
Tower, McBridge, r. t.
McLaren, r. e.
Herman, q. b.
Potter, l. h. b.
Tower, McInerney, r. h. b.
Adams, f. b.

Pittsfield
r. e., Bastow, Whalen
r. t., Graves
r. g., Steenrod
c, Gregory
l. g., Jordan
l. t., Learned
l. e., Flynn
q. b., Garrity, Stetson
r. h. b., Wood
l. h. b., Weltman
f. b., Wilbur

Score: Adams 6, Pittsfield 0
Touchdown, McInerney
Time, 12 min. periods
Referee, Doomin of Williamstown
Linesman, Anderson of Adams

Dalton 7—Pittsfield 6

Pittsfield played its second game of the season on the common and was defeated 7 to 6 because of Garrity's failure to kick a goal after Steenrod had made a touchdown. The game was started by Wilbur who kicked off to Dalton's 31 yard line. After a number of rushes, a forward pass, and a 32 yard end run by A. Hoxie, it was Dalton's first down on Pittsfield's 17 yard line. Pittsfield was penalized five yards through the calling of off-side play by Head Linesman Fox. Dalton made seven yards more on an off-side play but not from where the play started. This play was also called by Head Linesman Fox. Depew then crossed the goal-line by a scant margin on the fourth down, Adams kicked the goal.

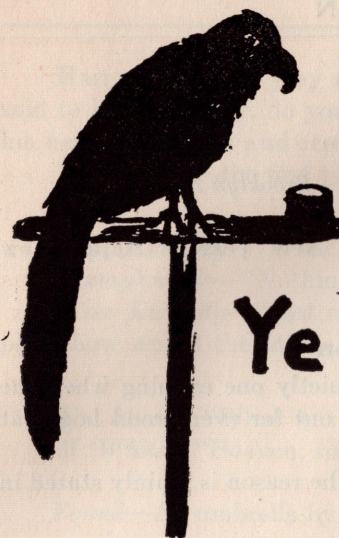
Pittsfield's touchdown came in the final quarter. Garrity punted, the ball rolled over the goal-line and A. Hoxie grabbed it. When Learned tackled him, he fumbled the ball because of the hard tackle. Steenrod who had been playing a fine game, fell on it. Garrity failed to kick the goal. The game ended with the ball in Pittsfield's possession. Captain Graves was absent from the lineup. Steenrod, Learned and Wood played a good game for Pittsfield, and Gilbert and Depew worked hard for the winners.

The line-up:

Dalton		Pittsfield
Croughwell	l. e.	Whalen
Adams	l. t.	Learned
Harrington, J. Culverwell	l. g.	Jordan
Pomeroy	c.	Gregory
Stevens	r. g.	Goodman, Reynolds
E. Hoxie	r. t.	Steenrod
Culverwell	r. e.	Flynn, Loley
Depew	q. b.	Garrity, Stetson
A. Hoxie	l. h. b.	Weltman
Gilbert	r. h. b.	Wood
Caulfield	f. b.	Wilbur

Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Established 1835**Ye Poll Parrot****Senior Advice to Freshmen**

Now that the days are getting colder we are forced to forbid the Freshmen to ring fire alarms.

Please don't drink the ink, water may be found at the end of the corridor.

If you get lost inquire your way of the teachers who are doing duty in the corridors

Kindly refrain from sliding down the bannisters. Young bones are easily broken.

Please resist the temptation of putting tacks and bent pins on the chairs. In nine cases out of ten it will prove disastrous. (In more ways than one!)

Never stick gum on the desks, it is apt to cause adhesion.

Do not mark on the desks—especially in the auditorium!

Don't be in such a grand rush in the corridors. There is no one chasing you.

Daughter Sees the Game

The baseball fan takes his small daughter to see her first (and last) game:

"See that place in the center? That's the diamond."

"Daddy, can I have an ice-cream cone?"

"That beautiful lawn is the outfield."

"Why can't we sit down there in those other seats?"

"That man in the blue suit is the umpire."

"Daddy, I want an almond bar."

"The bell means that the game is going to start."

"What is that man with the white coat and hat got in his basket?"

"Watch that man with the bat, he's trying to hit the ball."

"What does it say on those flags over there?"

"Where that man stands is called the home plate."

"Daddy, that fat man bought some popcorn! Why don't you buy some, daddy?"

"Watch the ball; see it go?"

"Daddy, why don't you buy some popcorn?"

"See that man catch the ball? That's one out."

"It says 'peanuts' on that man's hat, daddy."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Chesney (Returning to school after the Jewish New Year)—"Happy New Year, Miss Kennedy!"

There Was a Reason

Archie Morin and his girl were riding along quietly one evening when the girl suddenly exclaimed, "Archie, why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along? The right of way is ours isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly," Archie replied calmly. "But the reason is plainly stated in this epitaph:

"Here lies the body of William Jay,

"Who died maintaining his right of way;

He was dead, dead right, as he sped along,

But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

Mr. Russel (to Biology Class)—"How many kinds of flowers are there?"

M. O'M.—"There are three—wild—tame and collie."

The Famous

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*A dish of ice cream a day
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Harry Baker can play almost anything on the piano. One day his father said to him: "Harry, do you know the ten commandments?" Harry scratched his head a moment and replied,

"Just whistle the first two or three bars and I'll try it."

Miss Kennedy—"What are you standing there for?"

Humphreville—"Nothing."

Miss Kennedy—"Just move on then. If everyone were to stand still in one place how would the others get past?"

Mr. Moon—"What was Washington's Last Address?"

M. White—"Heaven, sir."

Found—An umbrella by a woman with bent ribs.

Chester Lanoue—"Don't you think my suit is a perfect fit?"

Bill McLaughlin—"Yes, it is almost a convulsion."

Druggist—"Did you kill the moths with the mothballs I sold you?"

W. Skinner—"No, I sat up all night and didn't hit a one."

A Chicken With Three Legs

has nothing to do with this advertisement but we do want to attract your attention long enough to let you know that the **EAGLE** with its tremendous circulation of better than 16,000 copies (net paid daily) goes into every home in Pittsfield and Central Berkshire county. It should be your advertising medium.

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Delicious sandwiches,
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Service at all hours. The
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The Bridge Lunch

JOHN P. O'LAUGHLIN

Alex Milne—"I had an awful dream last night.

Stetson—"Well, what did you dream?"

Alex Milne—"I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat and when I awoke I found that half the mattress was gone."

The other day Ruth Durant stubbed her toe and said "Darn!"

"I'll give you fifty cents," said her father, "if you will never say that word again."

The next day she came to him and said, "Hey pa, I have a word worth one dollar today."

First Medical Student—"Are you going to that appendicitis lecture this afternoon?"

Second Student—"No; I'm tired of those organ recitals."—*Tit Bits*.

Narrow Escape

A negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule, when a bystander asked, "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No, sah, but he sometimes kicks where I'se jes' been." *American Legion Weekly*.

IT'S MORE HAPPINESS FOR YOU

After your teeth are restored as nature intended them to be. Unclean teeth are the cause of an almost endless number of evils to the system.

These hinder vitality—your progress and the bigger success that should be coming your way.

The MOST successful men of today, have a surplus energy to carry them through the hard places of life. Good teeth is one road to surplus energy.

Your teeth will get a delightful interest after they have had our attention, because our best patients enjoy the comfort and economy we give them.

A good motto: Better teeth and more vitality.

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Fastidious Tastes

Lorraine Krogman—"I want some raw oysters. They must not be too large or too small, not too salty and not too fat. They must be cold; and I want them quick."

Clerk—"Yes, Miss. Will you have them with or without pearls, Miss?"

"I want to go to heaven"

Sang a freshman in his pride.

He fell off of a bannister

And his wish was gratified.

"Shall I get off this end of the car?" asked C. Maloney of the conductor.

"Just suit yourself, ma'am," said the conductor, "Both ends stop."

A Mosquito

At last on Jimmy Driscoll's head

It settled down to drill.

It bored for half an hour or so

And then it broke its bill.

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88 NORTH STREET

Commercial Club Notes

The Dramatic Club has an enrollment of sixteen but no instructor has been selected as yet.

The Electrical Club is in the same predicament—it has an enrollment of twelve but no instructor.

Thirteen girls have enrolled in the Fancy Work Club which is under the supervision of Mrs. McCubbin. It would be hard to say whether the girls enjoy most the sewing, the knitting, or the general discussions which are carried on in connection with the club.

Miss Baker has charge of the Camera Club which has a membership of twenty girls. We wonder why the boys do not join—are they afraid of cameras? The Club went for a walk during the club period last Friday in order to visit Chamberlain's Book Store where a shipment of Wallace Nutting pictures had just been received but the entire period was spent in taking group pictures in front of the court house. It is not necessary that one own a camera in order to join the Camera Club.

Commercial Class Notes

Senior A's—The Senior A Class rehearsals for their play are now under way. They were fortunate in having Mr. Morton, of the Majestic Theater for their coach, but as Mr. Morton is leaving town, Mrs. McCubbin has consented to coach the play.

If---

You Were a Moth

and ate nothing but holes, you could probably get along without a Travelers accident policy, should you get injured. But being a man, you and your family need food and shelter and clothing even though your income should be stopped because of disabling injuries. Therefore it would seem to be the course of wisdom to make certain NOW that you will have the means to buy these necessities in case of accident. In other words, why not consult our accident department first thing tomorrow morning and find out about this form of protection?



Stevenson & Co.

24 NORTH STREET

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Accessories**

*"We have it, can get it, or
it's not made"*



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Phone 2800 348 North Street

A food sale was held in the basement on Wednesday, September 14. The proceeds were put into the bank account.

The Seniors seemed rather slow in getting their class rings but at last they have them.

Senior B's—By arrangement with Mr. Gannon and Miss Shipton, the Senior B's are conducting a lunch counter in the basement which they hope will be mutually beneficial, both to the class and to the school at large.

The class held a meeting three weeks ago and elected Mrs. McCubbin as class advisor and also selected committees to report on class rings and class colors.

Junior A's—The officers are the same as last year with the exception of the class secretary and treasurer. Bertha Evzerow, who acted in this capacity last year, has obtained a position in New Haven, and Catherine Fox has been elected to fill her place as the class secretary and treasurer.

Miss McGill is the class advisor.

Junior B's—The class officers are as follows: Meta Isringhaus, president; Thomas Conlin, vice-president; Frank Steady, secretary; and Curtis VanBuren, treasurer.

Commercial recently voted to give Pittsfield High the football suits complete which we bought and paid for last year. In return we get—what?

WANTED—Some one in Commercial who can write a readable essay, story, or joke, for the Student's Pen. Ask H. Bligh for particulars.

DODGE BROTHERS' MOTOR VEHICLES



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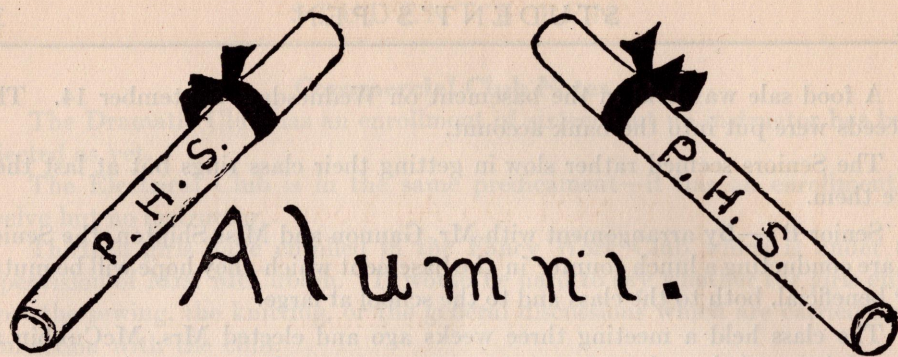
501 North St., Pittsfield

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C. S. FERRY & SON

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Glass, Etc.

40 CENTER STREET



George Hoag, '20, is now attending Worcester Tech.

Eleanor and Evelyn Mapletoft, '21, are taking a course at the Berkshire Business College.

James Bramble, '21, is taking the Business Administration Course at St. Stephen's.

Marian Patten, '21, is studying music in New York.

Donald Gerst, '20, is in business with his father, John G. Gerst of this city.

Hope McQuaid, '20, is a teacher in the Berkshire Business College.

Marian Cooke, '21, has taken a position with the Berkshire Shoe Co.

Katharine Drennan, Ruth Nesbit, B. Olstead, Gladys Musgrove, and Irene Messier, all of '21, are P. H. S.'s representatives in North Adams Normal School.

Stanley Clarke, '21, is a member of the Freshman Class at Suffield Prep. School.

Thanksgiving and
Christmas will
soon be here

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The Worth of Character.	The Improvement of Talent.
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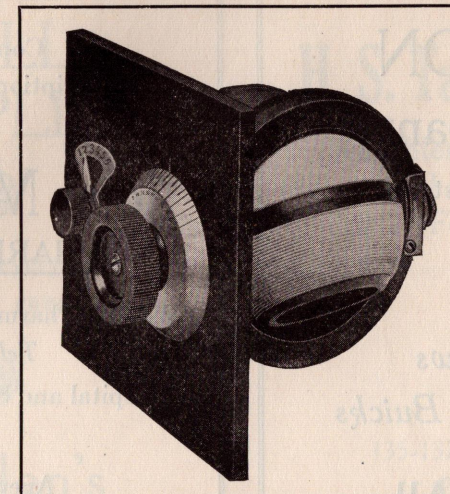
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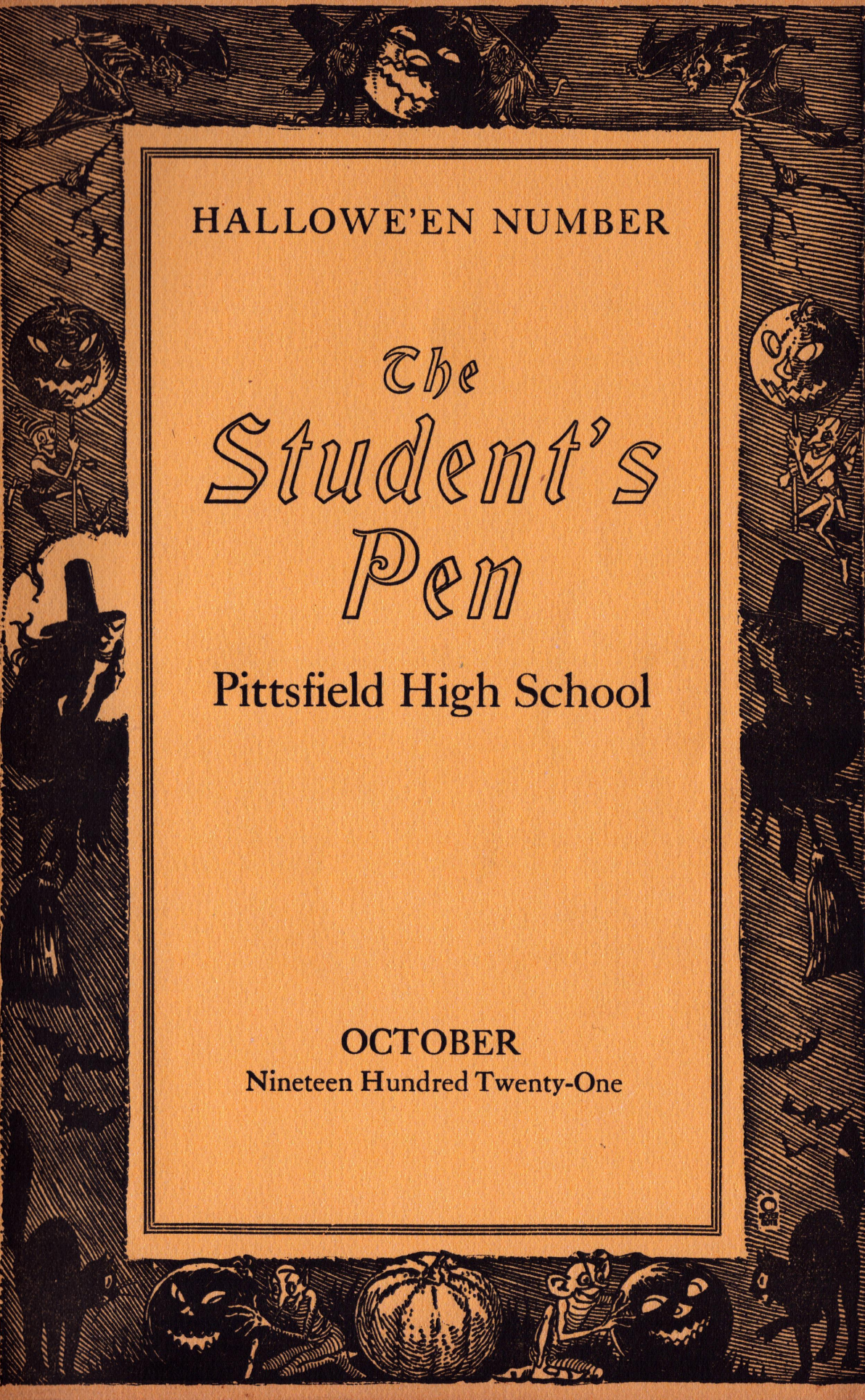
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OCTOBER

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